THE SUNDAY FIRESIDE.

e Roller Rink as Described for a Clery man-Bercher on Symbols—Are Y Ready? Etc., Lic.

THE DEADLY BOLLER RINE.

The Rev. J. V. Saunders, a New York city paster, talked to his congregation Bunday of the spiritual perils of roller elasting. His text was he twenty-minth verse of the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Lo, this only have I found that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." During the discourse he said; "A new path of wickedness has been opened for the young and thoughtless to walk into, and it is crowded always. A new temptation that is more deadly than the gambling hell, the theatre, the saloon, or even the unwholesome literature that is often seen, has sprung up and is four-inhing in our city and in nearly every other city and town and hamlet in our land. THE DEADLY BOLLER RINK.

which there is a craze just now. It is an evil that so crazes people that every other thought is driven away from them. Is roller akating a sin? During the past week a number of young men and women have asked me that question, and I will endeavor to answer it now. Everybody admits that it is either doing a great deal of harm of a great deal of good. Two of harm or a great deal of good. Two great events have occurred during the past week. One was the inauguration of President Cleveland and the other was the skating carnival at the Madison Square Garden. I didn't go to Wash-ington, because I didn't help Cleveland to get there and I thought he could get to get there and I thought he could get along without me. I didn't go to see the shating, because I did not think it proper that I should. I hear that the young have been there pitching, rolling and tosaing around. When the pugilis hie craze was ripe I heard that a good many Christian persons were effected by it. This was a brutal craze, but so far as real singulases was concerned, it was far heal sinfulness was concerned, it was far better than the present craze.

"Let us look at the men who wers in the late race. I hear that one of them.

the late race. I hear that one of them at least is so worn out in body as to resemble a corpse, while the rest are not much better cff. Looking at it from a financial standpoint, the racers have made nothing. The successful ones were the managers or proprietors, who would not care if the men who brought the money into their pockets suffered the tortures of the damned. "You can hang skates all over you and

not commit a sin, and skating on them at proper times and in proper places and with proper companions, cannot be termed a sin either. It is the abuse of termed a sin either. It is the abuse of the practice that I condemn. My heart was sick and my ear was pained when I heard that a church had to set apart a big room for a roller skating rink to help pay the salary of its pastor. I thought then that the church should be called 'The Church of the Holy Rink.' All classes and kinds of young men and women gather together at these rinks, and, under the inspiration of a street band, yell, shout and tumble about, and set all ideas of propriety at defiance. The apparent harmlesaness of the amusement is what renders it so harmful. It bears on its face an aspect of innocence that lures the guiltless and innocent to ruin. Every fact is against it. An officer Every fact is against it. An officer whose duties led him much into skating rinks has told me many terrible stories about them. He said that he had known about them. He said that he had known of many cases of immorality growing out of them. Physicians say the exercise is often injurious to the very young or the physically weak. I have heard undertakers say that they have buried persons whose deaths were caused by the rinks. A pastor of one of our churches told me that six ladies, members of his congregation, have been lured from his church by the rinks. Just think of the indelicacies committed by young men who teach young women to skate. Young women are compelled to associate with persons in a rink that they would abhoroutside of one. The evils growing out of skating rinks are constantly increasof skating rinks are constantly increasing. If you want exercise go out in the fresh air and get it, and, mark me well, when I tell you that much sin and no good comes from the roller skating rinks."

RECREE ON SYMBOLS. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher discussed on Sunday the use of symbols and forms as aids in religion. These were among the things he said:

"When Mr. Cleveland took his mother's Bible and, extending it to the Chief Justice of the United States, took the

oath of office on it; was not that Bible a beautiful symbol? Did it not say to everybody, 'By the truth of the Gospei, by the truth of God that gave to us this Word, I swear to discharge faithfully

the duties of my office," and the Bible was the symbol that stood to ratify and solemnize it."
"In regard to human conduct, the word of the Lord is, if men do not reach the ideal end for which they were born; if the tree does not come to some

kind of fruit, all that is subordinate to

ZEGG

atmosphere of sympathy with man

rind?

"Is it your 'duty' to read the Bible ?

No. It is a grand tiding to read it if it beins you; it is superstition and idealty to read it if it doesn't help you. You might as well read Virgit or Horace; you might just as well read any other book in the world if it leaves you just where it found you.

"Genufications before the cross, Lent, colvilars, all these things may be une-

actyles, all these things may be useful ought to be neeful. All synagogue actyless ought to help a man to be better, ought to lift him into the state ter, ought to lift him into the state where he will have with God the spark of benevolence. That which is true of doctrine is true of those coremonies and usages. You are at liberty to have them all. The silence of the Quaker does for him, if he is fitted for it, what the magnificent choir and lovely orchestral music of the cathedral does for those that are fitted for that. One man finds thunder helps him; the other finds silence helps him, and everything between silence and thunder is permissible; but they are all the leaves, not the figs, the fruit."

ARE YOU READY? You are looking for a place and a work in the world; are you ready for them?
If you are, you may be sure they are waiting for you. Thousands of men are looking for situations, but it is astonishing how difficult it is to find the right man when there is a place to be filled. A host of men want it, but not one in a A heat of men wast it, but not one in a hundred is ready for it. Readiness implies something more than willingness to roll up one's sleeves; it means ability to do the thing required with skill, zeal, and absolute fidelity. A merchant wants a clerk; he can fill the place twenty times over with good, steady-going, well-meaning, hundrum men; he will be lucky if he finds in half a year the boy who will take all thought of the place off his mind by the energy, capacity, and general intelligence he brings into it. There is an opening in a newspaper office, and the need is advertised; there is at once a host of applicants; out of them, twenty-five young men can be selected who will do the work set before them fairly well; but the young fore them fairly well; but the young man who will really fill the place and expand it, who will overflow it with vital-

pand it, who will overflow it with vitality, freshness, and life, must be scarched for far and wide, as with a lighted candle.

These select workmen, who add to general good intentions the concentration and the mastery which go with high power, are the men for whom the world is looking, and for whom there is always a place. They survive financial crises and outlive hard times because they are indispensable; if their employers go to the wall they rarely wait long for another opportunity. The only safe road to success runs past the door of the boy who has made up his mind to do one thing with all his might; to focus himself on it and pour himself into it. Whatever you decide to do, qualify yourself for it by mastering every detail of it; fling yourself heart and soul into it. Are you ready?—Christian Union.

COL. CUSTIS'S DAUGHTER.

The Old Colored Woman who has Re-ceived Title to a Corner of the Arling-ton Estate.

A private bill passed the United States Senate which has quite a little bistory behind it. It was to give a bedridden negro woman, eighty-two years old, title to fitteen acres off of the northwestern corner of the Arlington estate. The spot has been her home for half a century. Before the war her white actions

for half a century. Before the war her white cottage was surrounded by tall trees and pleasant stretches of grassland, and the place was beautiful as well as homelike. But five years of camps and soldier lawlessness stripped it of trees and fences and left it a barren, poor place at best. The land now hardly feeds her little family.

When the United States bought Arington at tax sale the old negro woman's land went with it, and she had nothing to prove it was hers. But it seems she had a moral right that is stronger than the lower law of courts and statute, books. She was the daughter of G. W. P. Castis and the granddaughter of Martha Washington. Col. Custis recognized her as his child, and in 1826 gave her her freedom, and later gave her the land on which she is dying, for a home for herself and her children. At the time she was freed she had a daughter six years old and a baby boy. Soon after the laying of the corner stone of the Washington Monument, when the latter was a man grown, he wanted to get his papers, for no man of color could in those days travel about unless he had a master to answer for him or papers to show that he cavned himself. The young negro found in the srehives at Alexandria the paper which Col. Custis had signed giving his mother her freedom and that of "her daughter Bortha, six years old, and one male infant." An cotogonarian Quaker affirmed that the male child was the young negro, and he received his credentials.

But the most interesting fact in this family history is that this old lady, who, by act of Congress, is to be allowed to end her days on her own bit of earth, was doubly descended from the Custises. Her mother was Martha Washington's mad. The family of Robert E. Lee left Artington, the last farewell was spoken as she passed the old woman's cottage. When, after the war, Mrs. Lee visuled artington, she fosted it a waste. When here the last was spoken as she passed the old woman's cottage. When, ther the war, Mrs. Lee visuled artington apain."

kind of fruit, all that is subordinate to that—good snough in its place—has failed, come to nothing."

"It is not enough that men are sortupoleus in their dealines; it is not enough that men are sortupoleus in their dealines; it is not enough that they are just; a man must resp the trait of his organization by having a lisposition like God, and that is the disposition like God, and that is the disposition of love, of benevolence. All the religion of the earth that lacks sweet disposition is barren."

"Ceremenics are very pretty, pleasant things—priests in their robes, crosium, vestments, white, black, and scariat—all very well in their way. Nobody ought to find any fault with them unless they are substitutes. If there is any education in them, if they help the imagination, all very good. But the one thing that must control everything cleo is the fruit; all the rest are leaves."

"The one great danger in trying to help men, to educate them in church help men, and their to educate them in their educate the educate help men and maked him whether he was post up and maked him whether he was traveling with Stanley or Chinese Gorden on the expedition of which he had been

TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

And Tells the Hoys Something About Real Lile us a Veteran Finds II.

A Detroit lad, who is attending ous of the commercial colleges, writes as fol-

lows:

"I read your 'Short Talks With the Boys' and enjoy doing so, and seeing you answer so many boys' inquiries I take the liberty of asking you to answer a question for me. I am 14 years fill and have just taken a diploma in one of our colleges, but my tastes do not run in a commercial way. I have always wanted to work in some place where iron is used, but my mother wants me to lead a commercial life. Now, what would you do in this case? I have not got friends to help to get me a place in either of the above mentioned busnesses."

You write a fair hand, and your orthography is good, but had your letter went into print as you wrote it your friends would have laughed at your

grammar.

You are too young yet to either graduste from school or to take any serious steps toward a trade or profession. It will be time enough when you are full life. Meanwhile, post yourself, not only in books, but in a general way. Take a half-day on Saturday of every week and go through some manufacturing establishment—the car works—a big flour mill—some of the foundriss—out to the brick-yards—any of the novelty works—into some place where what you see will add to your stock of every-day knowledge. When you have arrived at the age of 16, if you fully realize that it is in you to become a craftsman, your mother will donbtless have the good sense not to spoil a good artisan for the sake of making a poor clerk.

The next letter is dated from London, England:

The next letter is dated from London, Eugland:

"You have told a youth who has £20 (\$160) and no trade or profession how he can utilize his £20 and make a living at the same time, viz., by starting a news agency, etc. Now, can you suggest to me something in the same line as what you have hinted to our moneyed youth above. I have no trade or profession, and have saved up £8 only. I have a fair sduestion (board school), past the seventh standard, and have for the last three and a half years sat in a merchant's office at the deak. I have a fair idea of what would be required of me if I had a small business. My age is 16 this month. Could you suggest anything after the style you hint to boy with £20? What I am thinking is that £8 won't secure me, on the same scale,

with £20? What I am thinking is that £8 won't secure me, on the same scale, the advantages that £20 would."

You must realize that the conditions are not the same in England and America. Five out of every seven of our rich men began life as poor boys. Five out of every seven in England have inherited their wealth. A boy of 17 or 18 in this country can take \$100 and start a news stand, or set himself up in the atenoil-cutting business, or become a manufacturer of wall-brackets, or make his start as a stationer. There are fifty ways in which he can use that capital to start him in life, more depending on his force of character than the amount of ready cash. It is doubted if you can take \$500 and do as well in England, where many of the businesses are monopolies in the hands of the rich.

The following letter is from Syracuse, New York:

New York:
"I have been reading your advice to boys, and have received a great deal of information from them. I am learning the painters' trade, and am puzzled over varnishes, not knowing how they are made or how to use them. I learned more about white lead in reading your article than in all of the three months I have been in the shop. Hoping you will tell me through your paper about varnishes."

varnishes."

There are several little books published for the benefit of painters and decorators, and you should have your bookstore man order one for you. They will tell you how to mix the different shades of paint, about making varnishes, and giving you many valuable hints.

Now let me talk with you a little about the trade you have selected. It is one by waich you can either stacre or earn good wages the year round. The common painter—house-painter, I mean—is compelled to remain idle for several months of the year on account of the

months of the year on account of the weather. His wages seldom run above \$2 a day in the busy season. He learns how to mix and spread paint, and no more. Wagon and coach painters may have more work, but they seldom have better wages. The best furniture and piano varnishers are now working as low as \$10 per week.

as \$10 per week.
To make good wages as a painter you must learn the business in all its branches. You must be a giazier, a paperhanger, a decorator, and a finisher. By this latter term I mean a man who can finish natural woods. You have got much to learn, and more depends on you than on your boss. For a trifling sum you can get a common window sash and three or four panes of glass. Begin right there to be a glazier. It is a knack to hold a puttr-knife just viets and it

right there to be a glazier. It is a knack to hold a putty-knife just right, and it is of importance to have your putty of the right consistency. You may have to do your work ever and over again, but stick to it until it will pass impection.

In these days the ceilings of all first-flavs dwellings are papered in fancy putterns or freecoed. The frescoer must be a natural artist. If you are not an artist you can be of great help to the frescoer by putting on his flat colors and ornamenting the moldings. If you have good task, on can learn how to decerate with paper. You must cultivate your teste by experience and experience, and now is the time to begin. If you cannot get a crifling to practice on, try if on a

get a ceiling to practice on, try if on a smaller scale on a large elect of cardboard. A dollar's worth of odds and ends of papers and boarders and finers pieked up from the wall-paper store will keep you in ninterial for weeks. You must study both for harmony of colors and general effect, and experience will certainly push you along.

And there is not more work to be done. Get hold of small pieces of sub, cak, welcut, sherry, butternet, and other natural woods, and learn now to finish them. The first process will be

le get a smooth finish. The next to fill the pores of the wood. You can buy this preparation at any paint store under this preparation at any paint store under the name of "palent filler," but ask some good painter to tell you how to make it. When you have filled the wood, you must wipe off such of the liquid as does not soak in within a few minutes. Then come sand papering and the hard oil. Then more sand papering and the hard oil. Then more sand papering and the rubbing with punice stone or finishing with war finish. You can learn to be a first-class workman, able to take a place in a first-class shop and get your \$15 or \$18 per week, or you can loaf about town after your day's work is done and never get beyond cheap work at cheap wages. If your boss knows that you are determined to learn the business in a thorough manner he will give you much assistance, and you will find all other bosses ready to give you valuable hints and suggestions.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Discourses on the Human Hace.

"Doan' look fur infallibility in de human race," said Brother Gardner, as he arose and looked down upon the circle of bald-heads in a fatherty way. "We has all got our off-days an' our weak spots. We size up a man as possessin' honesty, bdustry, patience, morality, an' religum, an' we admire him accordin'ly. Fust we know he alips a cog. He am tempted outer de true path, an', we whoop an' howl ober his downfall as if it war sunthin' unprecedented. It ain't bekase he was not a fa'rly good man, but mo' bekase we had gin him too many vartues. He couldn't hold up under all of 'cm. When I gin Trustee Pullback de job of reshinglin' my cabin I fully belisved dat he war an houest mab. But I didn't hand him de meney to buy de naits, nor did I sot around wid my eyes shet an' let him mix third-class an' fust-class shingles together. It war' my dooty not to frow temptashun in his way. When Whalebone Howker comes to me an' axes fur de loan of a dellar I betieve him honest an' truthful an' upright, but I take his note fur thirty days jist do same. If I didn't he might be tempted to lie me outer it. It am my dooty to see dat he doan' drap any of his vartues by de wayside. I doan' speek to find de truth in eberybody. I doan' speek to find all men houest. Some men kin shoulder about two of de cardinal vartues an' walk frew life all right, but when you add another you am gwine to break'om down. We grade our hoeses into draught, roadeters, fam'ly, an' speeders. We doan' speek a fam'ly hoss to go out an' trot in 2:20, an' we doan' speet our speeders to pull coalcarts. Whon it comes to men we grade 'em all alike, no matter what deir blood, whar' bo'n, or how trung up. We 'speek to find 'em all possessed of 'nnif vartues to carry 'em half way to heaben when dey die. It am 'speektin' entirely too much. While we may consider all men as straight, but to keep yer cober an' ober in my mind fur dess many 'speek de finder to hire a street kyar in his hurry to restore de loat cash. While we may reasonably expeck all men to speak de truth, we

Some Wealthy Colored Men.

There are 103 colored men in Washington who are worth over \$25,000 each, 52 worth \$10,000 each. George W. Williams, ex-member of the Ohio Assembly and author of a history of the colored race, is worth \$40,000. Frederick Douglas has \$300,000 and now lives in and owns the house in Washington formerly owned by a man who so hated the blacks that he refused to sell anything to one of them. John F. Cocke, the Collector of the District of Columbia, himself pays taxes on \$350,000. John M. Langston, United States Minister to Hayri, has \$75,000. John Lynch, of Mississippi, who presided so ably at the Chicago Convention has summer, is very wealthy. So is Congressman Small. Dr. Gloster left \$1,000,000 when he died, and has a sonin-law worth \$150,000, besides a four-story drug store in New York. John X. Lewis, of Boston, makes the clothes of the Beacon Hill dudes and did a business has year of \$1,600,000. He was once a clave, and ragged and barefooted, followed Sherman and his troops in their march to the sea. Cincinnati has a colored furniture dealer whose cheek is good any day for \$100,000, although twenty-five years ago he was a Kentucky slave. The late Bobert Gordon, of Cincinnati, owned thirty four-story residences at the time of his death. One day he entered a Queen City bank and asked for government bonds. The cashier did not know him, and, when he handed out his cheek for \$150,000, the cashier appealed in astonishment to the president of the bank.

"Give him the bonds," said the latter, "his cheek is good for three times that."

Sub Francisco has fifteen colored men assessed above \$75,000 each. Detroit

San Francisco has fifteen colored men, assessed above \$75,000 cach. Detroit has a colored druggist with a hig store on Woodward avenue. Jones, of Chicago, is worth half a million, and Buffalo has several negroes who pay taxes on is several negroes who pay taxes on \$30,000 each. Robertson, of St. Louis, who lately died, owned a barber shop whose fittings cost \$25,000, and was noknowledged to be the finest shop in

Tun Buited States as the third allk manufacturing country in the world.

The second production amounts to \$55,000,000.

Cotansaw, the great mentard man, asys that he has not made his fertures out of mustard exten, but out of mus-tard wasted on plates.

Num New York defaulters, five from Chemica, four from Boston, and several from other American cilies, are said to be now living in Casada.

hold of small pieces of esh, cherry, buttermet, and i woods, and learn now to The first process will be has been widely published.

PINITING FOR WATER.

Cold Syrings at the Sen Bettem that Supply the People of Babrin-

"Did you over hear of a place where the people are compelled to fish in the ocean for all the fresh water they use?" saked Ben Germley, a sailor who had cruised in every water on the face of the globe. "There is such a place, and I've been there. It's the hottest place I was ever in, and I've been to all the hot enes. Rain never falls there, and the temperature never changes. I think it stands at 120 degrees all the year round. You're thirsty when you go to sleep, you wake up in the night thirsty, you're thirsty all day. Yet the people that live there appear to think they are in the garden spot of creation. That's natural, though, for it isn't likely one out of a hundred of them was ever in any other place. This delightful spot is on the Persian Gulf, at Babrin, where they fish for the water they drink. I had the pleasure of staying there three days, ten years ago.

"I don't know who discovered the fact, but there are numberless springs of the cold water at the bottom of the

"I don't know who discovered the fact, but there are numberless springs of ice-cold water at the bottom of the Gulf, near the shore, where the water is about sixty feet deep. This must have been known when they first set up the town, of course, or it wouldn't have been started there. This fresh water gets to be salt enough, though, before it gets far frow the bottom, and so they have to sand flown after it. When a man's wife calls him to go after a pail of water and be quick about it, over in Babrin, he grabs a goatskin bag, yells at the first neighbor he sees stretched out in the sand, and the two jump into a boat and row out a short distance. The man who is after the water wraps the goatskin about his left arm, with the mouth of the bag in his hand. Then he takes in his other hand a heavy stone. This stone is tied securely to the end of a long and strong line, for stones are valuable property there. Without them no one could go out and fetch a pail of water, and they are very scarce. With the stone firmly clutched in his hand the man dives into the water, and down he goes to the bottom. When he reaches the cool. clutched in his hand the man dives into the water, and down he goes to the bottom. When he reaches the cool, fresh water gushing up from the sand, he opens the mouth of his geatakin bag, drops the stone, and floats upward in the strong current. The bag quickly fills and the mouth is closed again. When the man reaches the surface his companion lifts the bag into the boat, and the diver follows. The stone is then carefully drawn up, and the men go home.

go home.

"The water is cold and refreshing when it first comes up from the depths of the sea, but it soon gets flat and warm. The more you drink of it the thirstier you get, but the natives can get along on a few swallows of it now and then. The requirements of the climate keep the divers at work in the submarine springs for all they are worth, and the shore is lined with their boats all day long. The springs are said to be the outlet of large natural aqueducts in a range of mountains more then 500 miles from the coast, but I guess they would have a hard time to prove that theory if they were called upon to do it."

The Fate of Khartoum.

General R. E. Colston, late Bey on the general staff of the Egyptian army, who contributes the article on the Sou-dan—"The Land of the False Prophet" —to the current number of the Century Magazine, had an "open letter" in the September Century, 1884, in which he Magazine, had an "open letter" in the September Century, 1884, in which he predicted that the fall of Khartoum was only a question of time, and that the only hope for Gordon's anfety lay in his being captured and held for ransom. In a recent private letter to the editors of the Century, General Colaton says:—"What would not Wolseley give now to have his forces once more concentrated at Korti! That will never be; and I fear very much that Wolseley himself will never get back. The Bedouin tribes four hundred miles north of him can interrupt all his communications even below Korosko, and virtually bessige him; and it matters little whether he is conflued to a space of one hundred aquare miles or one square mile in a country which affords nothing for the subsistence of an army. Buller, bessiged at Abu Klea, eating his camels, short of water, transportation, and ammunition, is doomed. And in war, as in chees, we must assume that our adversary is going to make the best, not the the worst, move possible. The British are paying very dearly for underrating the enemy's skill as well as pluck. Graham, it is said, will have 8,000 men at Suakim by the 9th of March. He will never march ten miles beyond, in my opinion."

ACTIVE Season of the Lives of all the Prest dents of the U. S. The largest, nach format beat book very send for ions than book over send for ions than the control of the send of the send

Tickled to Deata.

The degree of annoyance caused by a small object like a hair, a grain of sand or a tiny splinter depends entirely on the location. All are not ticklish or hypersensitive at the same piece. Some can be thrown into paroxyans by tickling the feet with a straw, others go into spanse if a feather is drawn under their nose, while others almost take a fit if tickled in the ribs.

It to said that the most exemisitals

lickled in the ribs.

It is said that the most exquisitely horrible torture practiced during the inquisition was that of tickling the feet of sensitive heretics. Every nerve in the entire body was set on end and made to dance at a maddening pace. This must have been the refinement of torture indeed. In order to astistly your curiosity on this score have your hands securely tied and your head held firmly, while score one slowly, gently tickles your none with a teather, or even a hair. You will some conclude that death would be preferable to a cur tonsmoo of the torture.—Pittsburg Disputch.

The reasons for FRIUNA's experior excellence in all diseases, and its medias of crastiff, are fully explained in Dr. Hartsman's lecture, reported in his book on the "His of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this far excellent remedy. These books can be had at all the drig stores gratis.

full value of this far excellent remedy. These books can be had at all the drig stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pemion Agent and Notary Public, New Vienns, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take greet pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the caturrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, III, writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MAN-ALIM has given him more relief than all the other amedicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an infense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIM has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIM will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 103 Canal Street, Wilken.

disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre, Luserne Co., Pa., writes: "Haringused your Peruna, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please acnd me five bottles of Peruna and one of Manairs by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on Peruna; our customers speak well of in

A PRIZE sense plan mints for quartage and sense processes and sens

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